Walking Hand-in-Hand: My Journey with Jesus.

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I sought solace in prayer and turned to Jesus for help in my studies. I was overwhelmed with fear about my grades, school, life, and the expectations of my parents. I prayed that my parents wouldn't worry about me and that I could face my anxieties with a smile. I never wanted to cause harm to anyone. However, amidst my prayers, I started praying for something different: an end to my life. I knew this would upset my faith. I was afraid of being alone and tried to mask my worries behind a smile.I prayed to God, hoping to be spared from the overwhelming emotions of love that every adolescent experiences. I yearned for someone to confide in, someone who could witness my tears and understand the depth of my emotions.

“Everyone has a final day. I wished I had it sooner, but I still preferred my life to be loved.”

My world felt distinct from others’, as I often found myself consumed by worries and shedding tears during my prayers. Yet, in the next moment, I would experience a triumphant and rejuvenated feeling. Prayer was always a powerful tool for relieving my stress, and despite my sadness, I also felt a profound sense of joy. I prayed to Jesus, seeking someone who could share in my innermost feelings and help me free myself from my thoughts. While I enjoyed conversing with my friends, I hesitated to discuss my personal problems with them. I knew that it was difficult for anyone to truly comprehend my experiences, but having someone who made an effort to understand would have been enough. It seemed as though everyone, including my parents and friends, viewed my life from the outside, and I feared that I wouldn’t be able to fully explain everything to them. It wasn’t an easy path to navigate, and at times, I contemplated concealing my tears. Yet, I found solace in the understanding that my tears themselves acknowledged my anguish. Throughout it all, I always longed for God’s presence, and sharing my innermost thoughts with Him brought me happiness.